MEMORIAL

OF

REV. WILLIAM HOOPER ADAMS.

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THE REV. WILLIAM H. ADAMS.

In Memoriam.

REV. WILLIAM H. ADAMS.

WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL, PRINT.

A MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM H. ADAMS,

FOR TWELVE YEARS PASTOR OF THE CIRCULAR CHURCH

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Published by his Friends, and Members of the Congregation, as a Tribute of Respect and Esteem to their Lamented, Honored and Beloved Pastor.

Ad 194

FUNERAL OF THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.

The funeral services of the late Rev. W. H. Adams took place at the Second Presbyterian Church at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The church was well filled by people of every denomination and all the walks of life, the number and character of the congregation testifying to the esteem and respect in which the deceased had been held in the community. The number and beauty of the floral offerings contributed by sympathizing friends was the subject of general remark. Conspicuous among these testimonials was a crown of immortelles and a wreath and cross of exquisite natural flowers, a tribute from the orphans, of whose cause Mr. Adams was a zealous advocate and friend.

The casket, which lay in the vestibule of the church during the day, was borne to the altar rails by the following clergyman: Rev. J. A. Chambliss, Right Rev. P. F. Stevens, Rev. C. S. Vedder, Rev. David Levy, Rev. W. S. Bowman, Rev. G. N. Well, Rev. E. J. Meynarde, Rev. J. M. Green, Rev. W. H. Campbell and Rev. C. R. Chrietzberg. The funeral procession was headed by the pastor of the church, Rev. G. R. Brackett, and contained a number of the leading clergymen of the city. The Scriptures were read by the Rev. W. F. Junkin, after which Dr. Brackett and Dr. Chambliss delivered brief but touching and eloquent tributes to the memory of the deceased. The Rev. Dr. Bowman then announced the favorite hymn

of the deceased—one that he had sung but shortly before his death—"My God, the Spring of all my Joys," which was sung by the choir. A prayer by Dr. Vedder and the benediction by Bishop Stevens closed the services, and the remains were then taken to Magnolia Cemetery for interment.

FUNERAL ADDRESS

BY REV. G. R. BRACKETT, D.D.

It was a prayer of the Psalmist, "Take me not away in the midst of my days"; and when Job thought he was about to die, he uttered the lament, "My purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart." But death to a good man is never premature. He is not cut off in the midst of his days. His sun never goes down at noon. Every Christian life is complete; a perfect day with its gray dawn, its noon-tide brightness, and sunset glory. "That life is long which answers life's great end."

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
> Life is but a means unto an end; that end
> Beginning, mean and end of all things—God.
> The dead have all the glory of the world"

We have read of earthly structures that were left incomplete; but there is no vacant niche in this living Temple. There are no fragmentary remains of unfinished Christian work. The believer is himself complete in Christ, and he has finished the work

given him to do. "A living stone, chosen and precious in its own chiselled individuality," he is set in his appointed place in the "Building of God"; and every block he has himself hewn, or upon which he has bestowed any labor, will find the destined place that is waiting for it. Looking earthward through the eye of reason or sense, our deceased friend and brother was "cut down in the midst of his days," and "the purposes of his heart were broken." He has left unfinished plans, and precious hopes are disappointed. But "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. There are many devices in the heart of man, but the counsel of the Lord, it shall stand." The divine plan was completed, his earthly mission fulfilled, and another sphere of usefulness was waiting for him, for which he had just finished his preparatory training.

We cannot hope to do justice to such a life in the few moments allotted to us. That, we trust, will be done on another occasion. We desire not to eulogise the dead, but to offer a simple tribute of affection to one whom we honored as a faithful servant of God, and loved as a brother.

He was a son of Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, and inherited many of the qualities of his honored father; the same affability, suavity, and obliging manner; the same courteous and gentlemanly bearing towards all classes of men. Condescending to men of low estate, he had a kind and encouraging word for all: for the chimney sweep and the scavenger that removed the rubbish from his door. To the stranger there was the appearance of studied grace and fulsome flattery; but he who knew him well, and his antecedents, would discover that this abundant

flow of kindly feeling was as natural as a gushing spring.

The type of his piety was deeply experimental and devotional. To him Jesus was a personal friend; and as "Enoch walked with God," so he sought to realize the habitual presence and companionship of the Saviour. He lived in communion with God, and cultivated the habit of ejaculatory prayer, and of turning the current of conversation into religious channels.

A graduate of the Boston Latin School and of Cambridge University, he entered Andover Theological Seminary and completed his theological course in the Seminary at Columbia, S. C. He entered the ministry thoroughly furnished for his work, with a well disciplined mind and a varied and elegant culture. With no taste for metaphysial or polemical theology, he devoted himself with great enthusiasm to philological and exegetical studies. His pulpit preparations were elaborate and scholarly. "Beaten oil for the lamps of the sanctuary," was his motto, and he resolved "never to serve the Lord with that which cost him nothing." The Bible was his chief study. He had gone over the entire Scriptures in the instructions of the pulpit and lecture room, which were enriched with all the treasures he could gather from commentaries, encyclopedias and every department of science and literature. Pointing on one occasion to the drawer that contained his sermons and manuscripts he remarked: "That is my life-work and my life-blood." He published one small work, entitled "The Seven Words from the Cross," and had projected the plan of several larger and more elaborate works. But he was interrupted in his literary projects by the

death of his venerable father. To write his biography and edit his posthumous works, was the filial trust which he felt was providentially committed to him. To these literary labors of love he devoted himself during the last year of his life. It was his most fervent desire that he might complete his honored father's memoirs; but the son was called away from this delightful task to join the sainted father where all earthly labors have an end.

The devotional service of the sanctuary was as carefully and faithfully prepared as his discourses. He studied the spiritual wants of his people as thoughtfully as his books. Hence the singular appropriateness of his prayers, which seemed to interpret the peculiar experiences of every class of hearers. He entered by a personal sympathy into the experience of every member of his flock. It was remarked by one who had enjoyed his pastoral ministrations, that his visits were "like those of angels, dropping heavenly benedictions."

He had his share of afflictions and trials, but they never beclouded the perpetual sunshine of his cheerful and buoyant spirits. He felt it the duty of a Christian to be always happy. However grievous the chastening, he ought to "rejoice in the Lord alway." However dark the dispensation of Providence, he ought to dwell in the "light of God's countenance." The assurance of the personal presence and sympathy of his Saviour never forsook him. His faith in prayer and the promises of divine guidance was so strong and unwavering that it gave almost a tinge of mysticism to his piety. This strong conviction, which no adversity could shake, combined with his indomitable will, imparted to his constancy and

perseverance in what he believed to be the path of duty the appearance of obstinacy. But no one who knew this beloved brother intimately, and was free from prejudice, could doubt the sincerity of his motive and purpose. When advised on one occasion to pursue a different course of action, he replied: "How can I be decived in a matter which I have committed to God and made the subject of earnest and believing prayer for so many months?" We have rarely seen combined in any Christian so much womanly gentleness with so much manly resolution. He may have made mistakes, but they were errors of the head rather than of the heart.

The general sketch of our dear brother would be incomplete without a brief mention of his zeal for Christian union. It amounted almost to a passion. He was the life and soul of all our union movements. He arranged and carried out the programme of the Union Prayer-meeting. The "Clerical Union" was like the body without a soul when he left us. It was lifeless. He was the most devoted of us all to the Y. M. C. Association. In the "Evangelical Alliance" he foresaw the realization of his happy dream of Christian union. It was this spirit that drew him affectionately towards all denominations and endeared him to Christians of every name.

But we must draw this imperfect sketch to a close. It is a difficult task for a bosom friend, to whom everything was confided, to speak impartially and without enthusiasm for the dead. Whatever faults he had, they are eclipsed by the brightness of his Christian life, and the splendor of his triumphant death. He was a faithful preacher, a laborious student, a loving pastor, a devoted husband and father, a warm-hearted,

genial friend, a beloved disciple. He loved the Saviour with a supreme affection, and, like John, lived upon his bosom. We saw him but once during his brief illness. He remarked as he pressed my hand for the last time, "I am enjoying delightful communion with my Saviour on this sick bed."

It is not probable that, at any time during his illness, he gave up all hope of recovery. But he realized that his condition was extremely critical, and he "set his house in order," and kept his "lamp trimmed and burning." He called his wife to his bedside, just before she retired, and said to her, "Let us now have our evening prayer." With folded hands and feeble, yet calm clear voice, he offered his last family prayer. He prayed with humble resignation that he might live to preach once more. He then sang one of his favorite hymns, "My God, the spring of all my joys" etc. In the last watch of the night the Master came and "found his servant watching." He was sleeping heavily when his attendant roused him to administer his medicine. The only response he gave to the question of his wife, "Do you not know me, dear?" was, "Grace, grace, grace,—grace and glory in the great Congregation." .Soon after he fell asleep, and his dream of heaven was a blessed reality. It has been beautifully said that, "The place for which God created a good man may be in readiness for him. The door which opens upon him may be ajar already," "On golden hinges turning." Bells "beyond the stars heard" may be calling him. In the "morning watch," in the solemn stillness and peace, he saw the "Great Congregation" through the door ajar, and shouted with rapture, "from Grace to Glory"—to have lingered on earth a moment longer

would have been an anomaly, a mystery of Providence. "*From Grace to Glory!*" Let not this epitaph be sculptured on a broken shaft, symbolizing an unfinished life. Grace is glory begun. Glory is grace completed. Our brother saw the capstone laid upon the finished temple of his life, with "shoutings of Grace, grace unto it." (Zech. iv. 7.)

The following tribute is from a sermon by the Rev. J. F. Chambliss, D. D., of the Citadel Square Baptist Church, Charleston, S. C.:

The sermon was from the text, "Watchman what of the night?" and was chiefly a review of the work of the Southern Baptist Convention, from which the pastor had just returned. Having alluded to the death of an eminent minister of his own denomination, and its effect upon the Convention, he thus continued:

"Yet there was no despondency. Men may die, but Jesus lives. Men may die—alas, how many of our hearts have a fresh sorrow to-day as we say it, and think of him, the noble and true, the eloquent scholar, the refined Christian gentleman, the faithful, able preacher of the Gospel, now sleeping his last sleep over there in his beloved cottage on the beach! You will let me turn aside a moment, brethren, to speak of him, for you also loved him. How often and how gladly was he welcomed to this pulpit! Almost the last message he bore from God to man was delivered from this desk, on the first Sabbath in April. For the two Sabbaths included in my recent absence, he had promised, with his accustomed kindness, to

stand here in my place and break to you the bread of life. But even then he was far from well, and expressed some fear that he might not be able to fulfill his engagement. Even so God willed that it should be, and you heard his voice no more. Yesterday morning, a little before the break of day, when his condition seemed to have improved, when other friends had withdrawn from his bedside, and only she stood near him whose life was bound up in his, her heart leaping with hope revived, he uttered a few words of prayer, then suddenly exclaimed, "From grace to glory—glory in the great congregation," he passed away to be forever with the Lord.

Ah, friends, this was a death to be wished for and prayed for, but it was such a death as could close and crown only such a life as his—a life of exalted piety, of intimate communion with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ.

My acquaintance with Brother Adams began on this platform nearly eight years ago, at the service of welcome which marked the beginning of my pastorate. It fell to his lot to greet me on behalf of the ministry of the city, and as I listened to his cordial words, looked into his large soulful eyes and felt the grasp of his brotherly hand, he seemed to me a man with whom it would be a joy to labor side by side for the Master. It was a joy through all these years. That we were connected with different branches of the Church of Christ hindered not at all for us—as such a fact should never hinder for Christian souls—closeness and sweetness of fraternal intercourse. And I can honestly say that I never knew a man who seemed to me to have more of the spirit of the Lord. If there were any who injured or spoke ill of him, it is

certain there were none of whom he ever spoke unkindly. He loved and prayed for all. Above almost any minister I have known, he appeared to live in an atmosphere of devotion. He was a diligent and systematic student, scholarly in his tastes and habits; but the desk of the scholar was ever the altar of the saint, odorous with the incense of prayer.

Of his honored life as a preacher and pastor in this city for ten years, the occasion does not suffer me to speak. But I could not pass on without one simple word of love and sorrow for my friend and brother. God help us to follow him as he followed Christ!"

TRIBUTE FROM THE REV. JOHN PRIOR,

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, LEXINGTON, MASS.

My Dear Mr. Porter:

I heartily avail myself of the opportunity of expressing my affection and respect, by giving a brief tribute of remembrance to my beloved friend and brother Rev. W. H. Adams.

I early marked a blessed peculiarity in Bro. Adams —would that it was a universal trait in us all—that he evidently was influenced in his feelings towards his brethren of different denominations, by the same spirit which the apostle manifested when he said. "Grace be with all of them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." In this, following in the steps of the Master who said: "Whosoever will do the will of my Father, who is in Heaven, the same is my

brother and sister and mother." While a firm and unflinching advocate of his own denominational views, yet great tenderness was joined to his decision. It was not the offspring of obstinacy or bigotry, but of principle; not prejudice, but enlightened conviction. His was the abiding spirit of brotherly love, and in his deportment to those of other bodies I never saw anything like shyness or estrangement.

During the period of your absence, as you know, we had many social meetings both at the Hancock, and Baptist Church, in Lexington, as well as at private houses, and he evidently felt as much at home, and as among brothers and sisters in one place as in the other. My own small flock, equally with myself, were always edified by his sermons and addresses; and Bro. Adams seemed fully to reciprocate the feeling, when after service at our Church he would, with all his native heartiness, grasp my hand and say: "Dear Brother I have had a real feast to-day." He often said to me, "There is room enough here for both of our Churches, may God prosper your labor of love."

The young members of both congregations will not forget his affectionate addresses to them; and I doubt not impressions were thus made by him, which will never be eradicated.

In all the visits he paid and received I noticed that he was quite ready to encourage religious discourse. It was clearly the element congenial with his spirit. His conversation was on subjects, rather than persons, and no tattler or slanderous busybody found in him a ready listener; such talk was at once frowned down. I noticed that in promiscuous company, in a general way, at first, he was rather reserved than communica-

tive, but as soon as he felt he could trust, then his heart was opened and his tongue unrestrained.

I loved Bro. Adams greatly, and when he left earth, so unexpectedly to me, I knew, sadly, I had lost a friend; for our communications, as ministers of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, were always pleasant, and I trust mutually profitable. And yet, why should we mourn? Surely not for him, he has left earthly joys and sorrows to be with Him "whom not having seen he loved," and long 'ere this has received the well deserved plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I wrote to his bereaved wife some time since as soon as I heard of his death, and I have only to say his beloved and afflicted family have my deepest sympathy, in which Mrs. Pryor most heartily joins.

Yours, very truly,

JOHN PRYOR.

TRIBUTE FROM THE REV. JOHN HASKELL,

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, BILLERICA, MASS.

On my first meeting the Rev. W. H. Adams at his home, in Charleston, S. C., in November, 1873, I was much impressed with the deep sincerity of the man; and, also, the profound sympathy he manifested in the welfare of others; but most of all, the evident consecration of himself to his Lord and Master. His piety made him attractive and genial in a high degree.

And this was not merely a first impression but a

growing one on the continued and more intimate acquaintance with him.

He spent the first Sabbath in November last with me, and preached an instructive and impressive sermon in the morning, and in the afternoon his address on the subject of Infant Baptism—as he then baptized my little child—will long be remembered as an attractive setting forth of this subject and a convincing argument.

The recollection of the Communion season that followed, conducted chiefly by him, will be cherished as of special interest. Indeed the influence of that Sabbath floated like a benediction of peace on those gathered in the sanctuary.

I have thought if the labor of love on that single day was of so much value; how much we may expect he will accomplish, with the Divine blessing for the many that need to be won to Christ, and helped on in the heavenly race. How much such a man is needed! What a future of efficient service was before him! But I must not forget nor cease to be thankful to God for the great and good work he had already accomplished.

Though to our shortsighted vision, this Dear Brother was summoned far too soon from the important work he was doing so well; a work that needed to be done, and that few, if any, could do as acceptably; yet we must humbly bow, and cheerfully accept the appointment of the all-wise Providence of God, and as he doubtless did or would say; "Not my will, but thine be done."

I received a letter from him dated March 25th, 1880, saying:

"Expecting to leave Tuesday, afternoon, next, for

Charleston, S. C., to spend the summer at my cottage on Sullivan's Island, having accepted the invitation of the Church there to serve as its summer pastor, I write to take leave of you, and express my sense of obligation for your kind offices to me."

"I have dwelt on my Sabbath under your hospitable roof with ever pleasurable memories," &c.

As I often think of the kind offices he performed so fraternally for me, my sense of obligation remains uncanceled.

FROM AN ABSENT RELATIVE.

It seems incredible that God has taken him away; so good, gifted, pure, useful, with so much to do, and so many dependent upon his life.

I mourn over the loss of that great love, that constant interest and good counsel, which continually came to me in his letters; my pride is laid low, the confident expectation that he was to become great in his calling, be honored in usefulness, and be a great joy in perpetuating his Father's name, and works in the ministry of the Gospel. What a beautiful memory remains to us! I often said he was the best man in the world—so strong, able, intelligent, warm-hearted, merry, courageous, devoted to duty, loyal to the truth, and withal so meek, patient, enduring.

How truthful he was, as God was slowly hedging up his way in the North, and how clear he was that the door opened southwards, and yet it was to lead him to death. I presume the thought and effort of removal, and re-settling, did much to weary and depress him, and enfeeble his power of resisting disease.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM A HOME MISSIONARY.

REV. S. E. LATHROP, LATE PASTOR OF NEW LONDON, WISCONSIN.

The brief acquaintance I had with your brother, during my visit to Boston, impressed me deeply with his earnest consecration and sincere devotion.

His abilities also fitted him to stand in his Father's place, which is the highest praise that could be given to ordinary mortals.

His loss will be deeply felt, not only by his friends but by thousands who knew him only as the gifted son of a gifted father.

TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

Precious to my heart are the memories that cluster around the acquaintance I have had with Mr. Adams.

It was at a time when my heart and faith were being sorely tried that he commenced his loving ministrations among us. His affectionate grasp of the hand, his soothing words of comfort in the social walk of life, and spiritual notes of warning and encouragement from the pulpit fell like a balm upon my troubled soul.

Never has he left me wherever we chanced to meet,

that life has not seemed dearer and Heaven nearer through the influence of his conversation.

He preached in a style rather savoring of the "old school" theology, and though to some it was uncongenial truth, I always felt roused to stricter action, and more grateful for the precious *promises* by the train of thought which he presented.

While with us he was often requested to preach less doctrinal sermons, and has said that he had often seated himself, pen in hand, to frame a different discourse, but the hand of God seemed to restrain him; he must preach the whole truth, and impelled by the spirit that filled the immortal Luther he could not do otherwise.

Had it been given him to foreknow that he was speaking his *last* messages to the Church militant, he could not have spoken with a more certain sound. He often said that he must preach as a "dying man to dying men."

Blessed is the memory of the smiling face which ever went in and out among us.

Though over-tasked by labors and having drank the cup of grief, he gave others the sunshine, and "told Jesus the rest."

> "The heart that trusts forever sings,
> And feels as light as it had wings."

And it was this sweet trust which enabled him to cheer the despondent and strengthen the faint, for he made God

> "The spring of all his joys,
> The *life* of his delights."

His affection for our beloved pastor found expression in word and deed.

Their loving walks, taking sweet counsel together, in such true sympathy, must have been a sight to rejoice the angels; now the one is taken and the other left, and "surely the ways of God are past finding out." He has entered the portal of that immortal city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for One is there who is

> "The soul's bright morning star,
> And He the rising sun."

Let us walk in the footseps of our departed friend, wait upon God as he did,—

> "Feel as He did when his feet
> Were slipping over the brink,
> For it may be we're nearer home,
> Nearer now than we think."

A. W. M.

TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND.

Impelled by a desire to give expression to my high appreciation of the life and character of the beloved and lamented Adams, and my sense of the loss sustained by this community in his death, the writer would ask, for this humble tribute, a place among the many others which will be offered at the Memorial Service.

Commemorating departed excellence is the last sad office we *can* perform for those who in life were bound to us by the ties of friendship and sympathy.

Altho' a member of another Communion, the writer deems it a privilege to unite with his own

people in bearing testimony to the high esteem with which he was regarded while he labored in our midst, and the deep sorrow experienced in his removal by the ruthless hand of death.

He was possessed of the highest and noblest qualifications of a minister of the Holy Gospel; a devoted untiring Pastor, a genial companion, a warm friend an earnest, faithful preacher.

Of a gentle disposition, and sympathetic nature, he was ever ready to lend a listening ear to the cry of distress and to *enter into* the sorrow of each stricken heart, offering in the name of the Master, all the comfort and consolation which religion affords, and which when offered in the gentle, sympathizing manner so characteristic of this faithful man of God, were doubly comforting and consoling.

When called, himself, to pass through the waters of deep sorrows, he saw in them the hand of a merciful Father, ever proving by his life and conduct that the religion which he preached had power to sustain him even amid the bitterest trials of life. Such were his qualities as Pastor, Citizen, Friend, that he was beloved by the whole community as with a single heart.

In the providence of God, he has been called to a higher life, and we must bow in submission to the Divine decree, but, even while we mourn our loss, we may rejoice to know that it is his eternal gain.

His life was comparatively short, but his life's work was "well done," and we know that he has "entered into the joy of his Lord."

After an absence of two years, which were spent in the land of his birth, he returned to the home of his adoption, and the hearts of his friends were made glad

at his return; but, even in the midst of the rejoicing the summons came and we were called to give him up, to see him on earth *no more*.

Even in death we claim him ours, for we have laid him to rest in our beautiful "Silent City." Ever will his memory be cherished by those who knew and loved him, here.

December 6th, 1880.

MEMORIAL OF REV. WILLIAM HOOPER ADAMS.

BY REV. JOHN R. DOW.

Adopted by Charleston Presbytery, November 18, 1880.

At the meeting of our Presbytery, in Columbia, S. C., last spring, we had in attendance our beloved fellow-presbyter, Rev. William H. Adams; a few days after the adjournment of our body, his spirit passed tranquilly from time to eternity, and we would now, by suitable action, embalm his memory for the good of those of us who survive

* * * * * *

Bro. Adams had been for weeks looking forward with great pleasure to the meeting in Charleston of the General Assembly of the Church to which he belonged, expecting to see face to face at the convocation of the tribes of our Israel, many dear brethren and cherished friends; but, five days before the

famous third Thursday in May arrived, he had gone to join "the General Assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in Heaven." We feel assured that he died as he had lived, in the full faith "of the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

The funeral services were held on the following Monday, in the Second Presbyterian church, Charleston. A large congregation filled the lower part of the sanctuary and the colored people crowded the galleries. Almost all the ministers of the various denominations of Christians in the city were in attendance, and felt that they had lost a beloved brother and a faithful fellow-servant in the Lord. After impressive services, conducted chiefly by Dr. Brackett, his remains were borne to Magnolia Cemetery; and there they were left under the watch and ward of Zion's King, who has doubtless already crowned his steadfast follower and loyal cross-bearer, and now:—

> "The love that lingers o'er his name
> Is more than fame."

Brother Adams served Charleston Presbytery for five years as Stated Clerk of our body, and his successor in the office now takes pleasure in testifying to his faithfulness and ability in discharging the onerous duties of his office.

On Sabbath the 10th of June, 1877, Mr. Adams was in Georgia on a visit to friends in that State, and by his invitation the writer of this memorial preached in the pulpit of the Circular Church, Charleston. I had prepared to expound the closing clause of Matthew's gospel, being the words, "And, Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." When I entered the sacred desk my eye was attracted

by a card hanging inside of the pulpit, in full view of the minister, but unseen by the congregation, and it contained the words of my text for the day. This "exceeding great and precious promise" of the risen Redeemer doubtless often cheered and strengthened our dear brother's heart amid his arduous labors and numerous tribulations. The gracious presence of the sympathizing Saviour appeared to be his constant joy. "*Lo, I am with you alway*" seemed to take the bitterness out of his grief, the heaviness out of his care, the sharpness out of his trials, and the sting out of his death.

Brother Adams was a heavenly-minded, cheerful and loving Christian, and as a minister of the gospel, was able, earnest, and zealous. It can truly be said of him, as it was said of another preacher of Christ after his decease, "There was no taint of bigotry in his nature. All followers of Christ were Christians to him, and in every sinner he saw a possible saint, and hoped and prayed that the possibility might be realized."

Mr. Adams was twice married. First to Miss Pauline Thomas of Athens, Ga., and afterwards to Miss Margaret E. Holmes, of Charleston, S. C., who, with two young children, a boy and a girl, survives him, and to whom this Presbytery now extends its most affectionate sympathy, and upon whom we invoke the blessing of the Gracious One, of whom it is written in the book of truth, "A father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation."

TRIBUTE BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHARLESTON BIBLE SOCIETY.

CHARLESTON, Dec., 21st, 1880.

Rev. Dr. G. R. Brackett:

DEAR SIR: I understand that you are preparing a memorial of the late Rev. W. H. Adams, late Pastor of the Circular Church in this City.

Mr. Adams was for many years one of the Managers of the Charleston Bible Society of which I am President, and I would respectfully propose to add my tribute of respect and regard for his memory. Mr Adams was one of the most zealous of our Managers in extending the distribution of the Bible among the destitute, particularly among the seamen who came under his jurisdiction, and the kindness of his manners combined with his zeal to make him one of the most useful and beloved of our members. Our warmest sympathies attend him to that Rest whither his works have followed him.

Respectfully Yours,

C. G. MEMMINGER,

President of the Charleston Bible Society.

The following are the resolutions passed by Hancock Church, in reference to the death of Mr. Adams:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, in His mysterious wisdom, has called home the Rev. WILLIAM HOOPER ADAMS, who so faithfully labored amongst us in the ministrations of the Gospel during the absence of our Pastor —

Resolved, That we, the members of the Hancock Church, Lexington, at a meeting called for the purpose, May 28, 1880, do hereby express our deep sense of the loss we have sustained in the death of one who was an able preacher and expounder of God's truth; one whose heart was in his chosen work, and one whose whole life was devoted to the cause of Christ.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy in this great sorrow, commending them in our prayers to the tender care of the great Comforter whose compassions fail not.

Resolved, That this action be entered upon the records of the Church; and copies be sent to the family of the deceased, and also furnished for publication.

W. R. CUTTER, *Clerk of Church.*

Lexington, Mass., May 29, 1880.

EXTRACT FROM A MEMORIAL ADOPTED BY THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Brother Adams was an earnest preacher of the Gospel, an active Presbyter, a faithful Pastor, a true and faithful friend, a polished scholar, and a refined and elegant gentleman. It was his constant endeavor to advance the cause of his Redeemer in the city where he lived, and was ever foremost in all good works. His loss is greatly felt by his brethren in the ministry, and by many true friends within the bounds of this Synod. He leaves a dependent family to mourn his early death, for whom the prayers of the members of this Synod are earnestly desired.

C. E. CHICHESTER, *Chairman.*

FROM GRACE TO GLORY.

BY REV. J. H. MARTIN, D. D., OF ATLANTA, GA.

"Grace, grace, grace — grace and glory, in the great Congregation."
Last words of Rev. Wm. H Adams.

Grace, grace, free grace, 'tis all of grace
That I have been forgiven,
A sinner of a mortal race,
And made an heir of Heaven.

'Twas grace that fixed its love on me
In God's eternal plan,
Ordained that I His son should be,
Before the world began

'Twas grace that shed a Saviour's flood,
A fountain full and free,
That washed me in the cleansing blood,
The stream of Calvary.

'Twas grace that quickened me when dead,
A captive unto sin,
And raised me up with Christ my Head,
Renewed, alive within.

'Twas grace that brought me on my way,
And kept me to this hour,
The cross I've borne from day to day,
Supported by its power.

I now have reached my journey's end
My work on earth is done;
From grace to glory I'll ascend,
A crown of life I've won.

I'll join the ransomed holy throng
Around the throne above,
And sing the everlasting song
Of Jesus and his love.

A SERMON,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. WM. H. ADAMS, AT CHARLESTON, S. C., PREACHED IN LEXINGTON, MASS., MAY 30, 1880., BY THE REV. EDWARD PORTER.

Ps. lv, 14. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

Since I last spoke to you from this pulpit, we have received intelligence from South Carolina, which has brought surprise and grief to our hearts. Mr. Adams left us so recently in the full possession of manly strength, with much promise of a long career of usefulness in his chosen work, that we in common with all his friends, were astonished to hear, by one and the same announcement, of his brief sickness and sudden death. When the news reached me at Fortress Monroe, I said to my informant, "It must be some other Mr. Adams, for my friend was perfectly well a short time ago when he wrote me from Charleston." But the next mail confirmed the sad tidings and cast a long, deep shadow over my path.

I have returned to you, my dear friends, from this brief absence, laden with many tokens of God's goodness, but I have returned also with a weight of sorrow which craves expression as I come before you again with a message from the word of God.

And the message is not of my choosing. Whatever text I take, God is to-day preaching the sermon by this solemn event of His Providence. Oh! that it may be so inscribed upon our hearts, and consciences,

that we may all be chastened and sanctified, and made meet for that inheritance to which our beloved brother has so suddenly been called.

1. My first thought, in the commotion of feeling which this news awakened, was concerning the stricken family who have thus been bereft of husband, father, and brother. He was so kind, so true, so loving in all these relations that his removal must create deep, and it would seem incurable wounds.

Since we are so situated that we cannot extend the hand of sympathy as we would, let our prayers continue to ascend to the throne of Grace for the afflicted widow and fatherless child, that the Father of mercies may strengthen them in their weakness, and abundantly minister to their wants.

2. My next thought concerning this event was my own personal loss. This brother was peculiarly dear to me. Our early acquaintance, fostered by an occasional correspondence, ripened into an intimate friendship during the last three or four years, as we had more frequent opportunities of meeting. During my visit to England last year, he wrote me many brotherly and affectionate letters, giving me all the details of the pastoral work which he had undertaken amongst you, never omitting any little incident which he thought would give me pleasure. He often wrote me the subjects of his sermons, and in many ways described his methods of labor, all of which convinced me that the Lord had sent to you a faithful and zealous messenger of His grace.

On my return, he met me so cordially and handed over the work with such expressions of encouragement and sympathy that I saw, at a glance, how devotedly he had given himself to it. For this I

loved him, and for this I shall ever retain his image in my memory, thankful to God that I have had such a friend, one that was not only true to me, but true to my work.

I know many ministers who might have assumed temporary care of this church, and some who would doubtless have done it well, but, I frankly tell you, I do not know of one who would have given himself more unsparingly to the task than this brother, who, as we all know, labored with the single purpose of maintaining and promoting the highest interests of the Church.

There are not many such men; so unselfish, so affectionate, so true; and, as it was partly for my sake that these noble qualities were manifested here, I am glad, publicly, to recognize them on this occasion.

Yes, brethren, you will understand how near this death comes to me, and how deeply I feel it. Some other man might have been taken from the circle of ministerial fellowship in which I am accustomed to mingle; some other friend might have been chosen; "but, it was *thou*, a man mine equal, my friend, and mine acquaintance, we took sweet counsel together and walked unto the house of God in company."

This text expresses more than any other, when I recall the relations which existed between us since I returned home in September last. As our friend proposed to himself the execution of a filial and sacred duty in preparing the memoir and writings of his honored father, he chose to continue his residence with us, from the interest he had in the place and the people. During these months I have had many precious opportunities of fraternal intercourse with

him, which I shall never forget. We were often in each other's study, talking over the affairs which most intimately concerned us and our work. We took frequent walks and occasionaly a drive together. We usually met on the train Monday morning on our way to the minister's meeting in Boston. He would always refer appreciatingly and minutely to the services of the previous day, showing how much he himself valued the preaching of others, and how responsive he was as a member of the congregation.

I invited him to attend the meetings of my clerical association (the Suffolk North), and he always enjoyed seeing so many of our bretheren, and participating in our deliberations. We attended Ecclesiastical Councils together, as at Cambrige and Newton, where he was much stimulated by the theological statements and spiritual thoughts developed in the exercises. I greatly valued his presence at the stated meetings of our church. On Friday evening he was often with us, much to our profit. His prayers and remarks were uttered in such a calm, trustful, spiritual tone that I could always lean upon him as a sure guide, a "fellow-helper to the truth." As our houses were nearly adjacent, we often walked to church together, talking freely upon the themes that were nearest our hearts, so that I can truly say, as I think of him whom I shall see no more on earth, "we took sweet counsel together and walked unto the house of God in Company."

3. But while I have dwelt thus upon my sense of the loss which has come to me, I do not forget that you, the members of this congregation, are sharing it with me. Yes, many of you know Mr. Adams, in some respects even better than I did. For a year

you came directly under his influence as a minister of the gospel, and during that time you had ample occasion to observe how unremitting were his endeavors to discharge faithfully the obligations which pertained to his position. He instinctively sought out those persons who most needed his aid—the sick, the afflicted, the aged, the young. In some of your homes he was a frequent and always a welcome visitor. You will not forget those fervent prayers which he offered for you, and your families in your dwellings; nor will your children forget the kindly notice he always took of them, not only in his public ministrations, but also in the special plans and appointments which he made to secure their personal and hearty interest in the blessed Redeemer.

May these labors and prayers be accepted of God, and graciously sanctified to us who remain.

A minute delineation of the life and character of our esteemed brother will hardly be expected from any one in this place, where so small a portion of his life was spent. Elsewhere, this service will be, or probably has already been, performed. But I know I meet the wishes of many here, if I speak now of some of the principal events of his life.

William Hooper Adams was the son of Nehemiah and Martha Hooper Adams, and was born in Boston January 8, 1838. His early education was obtained at the Brimmer and Latin Schools. During the last year at the latter school, he received a decided intellectual impulse which remained with him through life. He entered Harvard College in 1856, and the same year became a member of Union Church, then located in Essex Street, where his father was so long the honored pastor. In college he was known as a

man of remarkable religious fidelity. He interested himself earnestly for the "Society of Christian Brethren," of which he was succesively a member of the Library Committe, Secretary and President. One of his classmates, (Mr. George H. Whittmore), writes me, "I recall a very pleasant occasion when the liberal hospitality of his father's house in Boston was extended to the Society."

Mr. Adams was also a member of a Greek Testament class which met privately at the house of the Rev. Dr. Albro on Thursday evenings, for the promotion of critical scholarship and spiritual culture under the admirable guidance of this well-known Cambridge pastor, who for years aided many of the undergraduates in their religious life.

Young Adams completed his course with honor and was graduated in the class of 1860.

In the Autumn of the same year he entered the Theological Seminary of Andover.

Three months later, his father received a letter from Samuel Barnett, Esq., of Washington, Wilkes Co. Ga., (where his second wife, Sarah Williston Brackett had taught) asking him if he knew of a suitable young man for a preceptor for the children of some of the families there. After much reflection and prayer, Dr. Adams replied, proposing his own son, who he thought would be benefited by the change, and experience of teaching.

Events were then hastening which, a few months later, culminated in the memorable outbreak of hostilities; but until the shock actually came, no one really anticipated a war. When it came, Mr. Adams endeavored to return home, but it was found to be impossible, and so he continued to perform his duties

with ardor, teaching his pupils, and also supplying the pulpits of two or three churches in the vicinity, whose pastors were serving as chaplains in the army. In January, 1863, he entered the Theological Seminary, at Columbia, S. C. After completing his studies he was settled at Eufala, Ala., pursuing a quiet, earnest life, devoted to study, and the preaching of the Gospel. In the summer of 1865, he returned to Boston, but finding no opportunity then for a settlement here, he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Circular Congregational Church, of Charleston, S. C., where he remained twelve years.

In 1877 he published "The Seven Words from the Cross," a work of great tenderness and merit.

In 1878 he resigned his charge and came North to be near his father, whose failing health was the occasion of grave anxiety.

The previous year, Dr. Adams had listened to the public ministration of his son, at the Central Church, for the first time in Boston, with one exception at the old South. His fatherly tribute to him was, "I know of no minister with whom I should so much like to change places." At this time, a devoted parishioner remarked to him, "Why, Doctor, he goes beyond *you*." During an engagement with the Vine Street Church, in Roxbury, the privilege of listening to his son was further enjoyed by Dr. Adams who was, however, so feeble as to require to be supported by filial arms and placed in a comfortable position in the Pastor's room, where he could see and listen unobserved.

Before coming to Lexington, Mr. Adams supplied the pulpit of Middleborough, in this State, for several months.

When I was about leaving home for England, at the close of the Summer of 1878, the request was quite generally expressed that Mr. Adams might be secured to take my place; and the committee of supply consequently corresponded with him upon the subject. He was not a stranger to you. Twice he had preached here during my vacations—once on the great Centennial July Sunday, in 1876, when the pulpit was covered with the American flag, and the special patriotic significance was given to all the services.

Of the character of his ministry during his year with you I need not now speak. You have already, at the last two weekly meetings of the Church, given full and generous expression of your appreciation of his sterling worth and faithful service.

The resolutions which you have officially adopted and sent to the bereaved family set forth, in brief, but sincere terms, our deep sorrow and heartfelt sympathy. You all know how earnestly he laboured while he was with you, how ably he presented the great doctrinal truths of the Gospel, and how affectionately he illustrated and appled them. I can distinctly trace the result of his years work in the quickened activity of some of our brethren in the new-born hopes that have been cherished in the hearts of young believers, in the increased religious susceptibility of many, and in the respect felt by all for the faithfulness and sincerity with which he prosecuted his arduous undertaking. It was not a year of rest to him. Far from it. He told me that he never worked so hard in his life before; and he urged me, on my return, to reduce the number of engagements, especially on the Lord's Day, or else admit the brethren of the Church to a more responsible share in the conduct of the services.

He felt also the burden of our mission work at Burlington, although he conscientiously carried out my plan of holding a religious meeting there every Wednesday night for the benefit of the families that live at a distance from any place of worship.

Yet, with all the demands upon his time, and strength, he often said he had never spent a happier year since he entered the ministry. He spoke of the people here as the "beautiful flock," which he delighted to lead in the ways of righteousness. He appreciated the harmony of sentiment that he found here, and the cordial feeling of attachment to the Church that prevailed amongst all the members. It will ever be a genuine, though now a saddened pleasure to us, to remember that this lamented servant of God gave us the last year of his ministerial labors to Lexington. I hope, ere long, to be permitted to read some of those excellent sermons of his, of which I have heard you speak with such approval. There have been two occasions, since my return, when he preached here, by your request. One was on the closing night of the old year, when a few of us gathered in a driving snow-storm, and felt amply repaid by his devout utterances concerning God, as our Refuge. The other was on the last Sunday of his stay with us, March 28, (Easter Sunday), when he preached with unusual power and pathos from Luke xxiv. 32, "And they said one to another, Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" We can now make that language our own and apply it to him, grateful for the companionship that brought us so near to the Saviour and His disciples in our contemplation of that ever memorable walk to Emmaus.

After taking his leave of the friends and neighbors here, Mr. Adams proceeded with his family to Charleston, to take charge of the church upon Sullivan's Island, where he had formerly spent some of his summers. He found a cordial welcome, and began to make arrangements for his work. Apparently, he was well equipped in bodily health and vigor; and no one of my acquaintance gave more promise of long continued activity and usefulness. But, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." After arriving at his cottage home on the island, our brother was attacked with jaundice, which afterwards developed symptoms of typhoid. On Friday, the 14th inst., the crisis seemed to have been passed, and he again relished his food and talked of his summer plans and hopes.

He was calm and happy, singing at times his favorite hymn, "My God the spring of all my joys," and offering his evening prayer with his wife as usual. The devotional habit of his life accompanied him to the last. The blessed Saviour was near to comfort and support him as the hour of his departure drew near. Though he slept quietly that evening, the summons came before the morning watch. His last audible words were "Grace and Glory! Grace and Glory! in the great congregation—great congregation!" And so peacefully and triumphantly his spirit winged its flight to the throne of the Most High. He left the dear home on earth which had been sanctified by grace for the home in glory, radiant with the presence of the Redeemer; and as he went, yes, before he went, he seemed to have caught a glimpse of the heavenly host, "the great congregation," as did the

inspired seer of Patmos, who wrote: "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palm in their hands." Blessed vision! Foretaste of the glorious reward given to believers! Who would not be willing to exchange this scene of earthly toil and conflict for that heavenly "rest that remaineth for the people of God?"

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be."

The mortal remains of our departed brother were the next day conveyed to Charleston by special steamer, and placed in the Second Presbyterian Chrch, where the funeral services were attended on Monday by a large number of the friends and former parishioners of the deceased.

Eight ministers of different denominations acted as pall-bearers. The Rev. Dr. Brackett, pastor of the Church, and an intimate friend of Mr. Adams, delivered the Memorial Address with great tenderness and depth of feeling. Other ministers of Charleston participated in the service, at the close of which the sad procession wended its way to the beautiful Magnolia Cemetery, in the suburbs,—appropriate resting place for one whose ministry had chiefly been among the people who are there to await the resurrection of the just.

"Brother, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know from thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

Not for thee shall tears be given
Child of God, and heir of Heaven;
For He gave the sweet release,
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

Brother, in that solemn trust,
We commend thee, dust to dust!
In that faith we wait, till risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in Heaven.

While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest!

FROM GRACE TO GLORY.

A MEMORIAL DISCOURSE, PREACHED IN THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C., SABBATH NIGHT, DECEMBER 12TH, 1880, BY THE REV. G. R. BRACKETT, D. D.

Ps. lxxxiv, 11. He will give grace and glory.

"The upper galleries at Versailles," says a traveler, "are filled with portraits, many of them extremely valuable and ancient. These are the likeness of the greatest men of all lands and ages, drawn by the ablest artists. Yet most visitors wander through the rooms with little or no interest." But a great change

was observed when they entered the hall "where the men and women are not inactive portraits, but are actively engaged." The warrior and the statesman, who attracted only a passing notice as quiet figures on the canvass, are here represented amid the stirring scenes of the battle field and the Senate Chamber.

The portrait, which our unskillful pen has attempted to draw for your contemplation to-night, belongs to that crowded gallery whose walls are adorned with the likenesses of living men, and active scenes, brave warriors in the heat of battle, and laborious workers in the busy vineyard.

The real value and significance of a man's life is measured by the amount of virtuous and holy energy developed and expended for the good of his fellow men, and for the glory of God. "An honest man" is not "the noblest work of God." That life is noblest, which is not only true and right, but which is most earnest in the cause of truth and righteousness. When a conscientious regard for truth and a heroic fidelity to principle are combined with moral earnestness and Christian zeal, the humblest life becomes noble and sublime. The biographies of Harlan Page and Howard will be read with fresh interest to the end of time; while the lives of men distinguished for genius and learning, who played no active part in the open field of duty and warfare, will excite only a transient notice. The true symbol of such a life is not the oak that braves the storm, or the mountain unmoved by the shock of the elements; but the rushing river, that spurns every impediment, dashes on in its bold career, staying, nor slackening in all its course, until it pours its impetuous torrent into the bosom of the sea. There are few men, who, like the Amazon and

Mississippi rivers, traverse a whole continent, carrying the commerce of a nation, bidding towns and cities rise, and plenteous harvests wave along their banks. But whatever may be the volume of the river, the law of its life, is the same. It must have an onward, ceaseless flow, struggling for a deeper bed, and a wider channel, and hastening with increasing rapidity to the ocean.

Such was the noble life that so long blessed and gladdened our city with its bounty and refreshment, which so lately touched the happy shores and mingled with the Eternal Sea.

In the removal of our lamented Brother Adams, we feel that our community has sustained a common loss; and we are doing only an act of justice to the memory of a common benefactor, when we meet together to contemplate his blameless character and commemorate his life and labors.

William Hooper Adams, the son of the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah and Martha Hooper Adams, was born in Boston, Mass., January 8th, 1838.

He began to talk at fourteen months, and had a peculiar fancy for hard words, articulating them more distinctly than easier ones. Some picture cards of animals were given him, pasted together in the form of a book. He named the book after the animal which had the name most difficult to pronounce. "He would also imitate sounds and parts of words, leading me to think," said his mother, "that if he ever became a student, he would excel in the languages. It continued a peculiarity with him for years to catch at the great words of a sentence, when company were present, and he, apparently not listening, would repeat aloud some big word heard in con-

versation, unconsciously as it were to himself He had a ready and retentive memory, and his knowledge of Scripture was far beyond his years. One day, he was with his father at the carpenter's bench; Willie was boring a hole in a bit of shingle, 'In the grave who shall give thee thanks,' he ejaculated, and went on boring away as if he had not said a word. I had read stories from the Bible to him, and the children had questions asked them at family worship; but these advantages do not entirely account for his command of Scripture language.

He was very sick with the measles, nearly three months, and, of his own accord, in the worst stage of his sickness, instead of his little prayer, he would substitute the text from which his father preached at his baptism: 'Therefore, also, have I lent him to the Lord,' adding 'as long as Willie lives, he shall be the Lord's.'

He was much interested, at the early age of six, in committing to memory the Westminster Catechism. His Sunday-school lessons were always perfect, and he was always ready to talk on religious subjects. He often came to me, and asked me to read the Bible and pray with him. Once, he whispered, 'Mother, let me go into your chamber with you, when you read your Bible.' The passage in course was, 'He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him, against that day.' His prayer was affecting. He gave his soul to Christ to keep against that day, and asked the Saviour that he might remember, if he were ever sick, or when he came to die, that he had committed his soul to Christ.'

His principal faults were, quickness of temper, and incessant restlessness; but he was a generous

boy, and gave all he had, at one time, for foreign missions.

In his seventh year, he wrote in his first letter, just after his birth-day: 'My dear mother: I hope that you will pray for me, that I may be one of Jesus' flock.' When eight years old, he confessed a falsehood told about the loss of his cap. He said: 'I could not sleep, it worried me so, and I thought I never could be a Christian till I told you of it; and I prayed to the Lord to forgive me, and to help me tell you. I have felt all day like Pilgrim with a burden on his back.' A year later, on his father's birthday, he wrote: 'Dear Father: You have done a great many things to make me happy, and I am going to make you happy by being obedient. Dear father, with your love to me, I cannot fail to grow up a good man.' A few months after, he came to his father and said: 'I hope I am a Christian. This morning, I felt I was a great sinner, and went to my chamber and asked to be forgiven, and gave myself to the Lord.' He incidentally told his father, that when he gave himself away to the Lord, he sang 'Jesus, save my dying soul.'"

The next year he said to his father again, "I do think I am a Christian. I believe I have taken the Lord as my portion." Shortly after this, he had an affecting conversation with his father, and then followed him in prayer, beginning, "My sins are more in number than the sand of the sea-shore." Afterwards, he begged his sister to pray with him, weeping freely, and saying, "Oh, Anna, you don't know what a sinner I am!"

The following year he wrote to his father, "I have been led to know how wicked I am, and that Jesus

cleanseth from all sin. I have cast my burden on the Lord, and the Saviour seems dear to me. I will trust in Him all the days of life. He is a good Saviour. My dear father, you have been the means of my loving the Saviour. You have showed me the way, and I have followed it. Before, I did not know what a Saviour was; now, I see Him nailed to the Cross, bleeding and dying for me. If I live to grow up, I will go far and wide and tell the poor heathen what a Saviour thou art. My father, the Lord has taken me up. I will go through my eleventh year with the Saviour." His school teacher noticed a great change in him after this. He watches for opportunities to do good to others. On one occasion he gave a tract to one of his schoolmates and induced him to leave off swearing. His mother died when he was eleven years old, and here her journal closes.

From another member of the family we have received the following statement:

"When about sixteen years old, on his eldest sister's birthday, and under her influence, he had a religious experience, which he always referred to as his conversion, and there was a marked change in him afterward. Naturally passionate and impatient, he became gentle and forbearing—a wonderful transformation. Considering his sensitive and impulsive nature, and the religious atmosphere in which he lived, his early religious experience may seem somewhat morbid and unnatural. But we cannot doubt that he was the subject of Divine influences, and genuine experiences, although his last experience was of a more independent and natural character, becoming his maturer years."

He evidently dated his conversion from this expe-

rience, as, seven years later, he records in his diary: "This is the seventh anniversary of my spiritual birth."

"He was very popular with the boys, at this age; a leader in the sports, with power to command. He was courageous, and once separated two boys in a street fight, surrounded by a crowd of spectators, and received the commendation of a gentleman who was passing by. He was a ready speaker, of great coolness, and assurance. He would deliver impromptu orations in circles of young people."

He received the rudiments of his education in the Brimmer School, in Boston, and was prepared for college in the Latin school of that city, which offered superior advantages for a thorough academic training. The bracing atmosphere of this noble institution quickened and invigorated his mental faculties, and it was under this inspiring influence that he felt a literary career was open before him.

In 1856, he entered Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. It was during this year that he made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and became a member of Union Church, Essex street, Boston, of which his honored father was pastor the greater part of his protracted ministry. The type of piety which was so characteristic of his later years, was strongly manifested at the begining of his religious life-communion with God, Christian fellowship, and earnest, practical work. He was a zealous member of the "Society of Christian Brethren," and for some time its President. He also availed himself of the exegetical and religious instructions of the Rev. Dr. Albro, an eminent and devout Cambridge pastor, who invited the students of the University to join his Greek Testament

class, which met weekly at his residence. It was, doubtless, under the guidance of this able Biblical scholar, that our young brother imbibed a taste for those critical studies for which he afterwards evinced a hearty relish and enthusiasm.

In 1860 he completed his University course, and was honorably graduated. He had chosen the ministry for his profession, and in the Fall of 1860, he entered the Theological Seminary, at Andover, Mass. He had been a member of this institution but a few months, when he was advised by his father to accept the position of a private tutor in a family in Georgia, believing that a change of climate, and the experience of teaching would prove a benefit to him.

Although the political atmosphere at that time was dark and threatening, yet there were few, if any, who anticipated actual hostilities, and a prolonged war.

Cut off from all hope of return to his kindred, he cheerfully accepted the will of Providence, and continued teaching, and also preached the Gospel as he had opportunity, supplying the vacant pulpits of several churches whose pastors were serving as chaplains in the army.

In January, 1861, he entered the Theological Seminary, at Columbia, S. C., a Presbyterian institution. It was here that we first met. Residing near Columbia, several months after completing my studies, I was brought into frequent and pleasant intercourse with him. The homes of our childhood were but a few miles apart, and mutual friendship and local associations, dear to us both, formed a bond of sympathy which was strengthened and hallowed by Christian love. His warm and genial nature, his sincere and earnest piety, his noble and manly bearing soon won

the confidence and esteem of his brethren. We know not a single instance in which this confidence was shaken, or this esteem cooled by sectional suspicion or prejudice.

He was licensed to preach the Gospel, September 27th, 1862, at Greensboro', Ga., by the Presbytery of Hopewell, of which the Rev. James Woodrow, D. D., was Moderator. In November 21st, 1863, he was ordained as an Evangelist of the same Presbytery, at its adjourned meeting during the Synod of Georgia, convened at Athens, Sunday afternoon, Rev. David Wills, D. D., being the Moderator of the Presbytery. The sermon from Eph. iii. 19, was preached by the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, of Augusta, and the charge to the pastor was delivered by the Rev. A. D. Montgomery.

Referring to his ordination, Mr. Adams wrote in his diary: "This was, without exception, the most awfully solemn moment of my life—never, never to be forgotten. I devoted my all to the service of my glorious Redeemer in solemn covenant, while the hands of Presbytery were still on my head The Rev. Dr. Leighton Wilson said to me, that though not a member of the Presbytery, he had laid his hand on my head for my father's sake. This deeply touched me, and now I am in the ministry of reconciliation, an embassador of Christ. How joyful I am that I am so young, only twenty-five—a life-time to spend in the Master's service. O, that I may be spared many years to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Immediately after his ordination he ministered, as an Evangelist, to the churches of Danielsville, Sandy Creek, and to the people of Paolia and Beth Haven, Georgia.

Mr. Adams began his ministry at Eufaula, Ala., November 15th, 1865, where he labored with great fidelity and acceptance. This "dear people," to whom he often affectionately referred, he served one year. Visiting his father in the summer of 1866, he found it necessary to remain with him and, consequently, resigned his charge, and never returned. A member of that church writes, that "he was greatly beloved by his own people and highly respected for his urbanity, courtesy, humble piety and high Christian character by all who knew him. He was a pattern of modesty and Christian deportment, an earnest worker for Christ, an acceptable minister and pastor. We regretted very greatly the necessity of parting with him."

During his ministry at Eufaula he was married, October 3d, 1866, to Miss Pauline Thomas, daughter of Judge Thomas, a well known and highly respected citizen of Athens, Ga. Miss Thomas was a young lady of rare intellectual gifts and literary culture, an accomplished musician, and of fine poetic sensibility. "Her chief attraction was her fervent piety, spirituality of mind, entire consecration to Christ, and hearty sympathy with her husband in his sacred calling." But an incurable disease was already forging chains for her disciplined and consecrated powers that unfitted her for active Christian work. The imprisoned spirit, however, lost none of its native vigor, as the caged bird with clipped wings retains the gift of song; and her suffering life only furnished an occasion for the exercise of her husband's tender sympathy and unwearied devotion, that only she could appreciate, and Heaven reward. It was the wonder and admiration of us all. The cloud that shadowed their home,

so dark to us, reflected to them the charmed light of poetry and romance, brightened with the glory of the Cross.

The remainder of his ministerial life, covering a period of twelve years, was spent in Charleston, S. C. He came to this city February 20th, 1867. Two invitations to preach awaited him from Dr. Smyth and Dr. Dana. The former being prior in time was accepted, and he preached his first sermon in Charleston, in the Second Presbyterian Church, from the text: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." It will be numbered among the precious memories of this church that his last sermon, also, was preached in this pulpit.

The following Sabbath, February 10th, he dedicated the Lecture Room of the Circular Church, which was just completed. He preached to a full house from the text: "For without me ye can do nothing." In the evening his text was: "I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." These first sermons were appropriate preludes of the lessons of instruction and warning which characterised his subsequent ministry. He gratefully records, "The Lord blessed these efforts, giving me exceeding strength and grace. The congregations were large and solemn."

To this little flock he devoted the best years of his life, the strength of his manhood, and the fruit of his laborious studies. It was his cherished hope, brightening with the rolling years, that he might rebuild the Church, which for so long a period had been a beautiful ruin. What precious and hallowed associations cluster around these dilapidated walls, like the luxuriant vines that cover them, whose leaves are ever fresh, and ever green. The muses of history

and poetry seemed to him to guard the ancient ruin as a monumental record, to arrest the curious eye of the traveller, and as a sacred lyric, to be translated into immortal verse. But the voice of religion spoke with a higher authority, and with a more irresistible appeal. He could not rest while the house of God was lying waste and there was a reasonable prospect of rebuilding the walls. A beautiful and commodious house of worship, centrally located and "pointing its spire of faith to heaven," would be an ornament to the city and a blessing to the community. It might be called the "Church of the Strangers." It would furnish a refuge for many wandering souls not identified with any church, and a Sabbath resort for Congregationalist who visit our city and are seeking a church of their own order. But the star of hope that lured him on was suddenly quenched, and the cherished enterprise to which he had devoted twelve years of his life, vanished like a beautiful dream. From this moment his early resignation was a foregone conclusion. Among the events which combined to hasten this inevitable step was the failing health of his venerable father, which required the personal presence of his son to minister to him in his enfeebled condition, to aid him in settling his temporal affairs, and to confer with him respecting his posthumous publications.

We have often marvelled that a minister of Mr. Adams' ability, scholarship and learning, could be contented for so many years to circumscribe the sphere of his usefulness, when larger and more important fields of labor were open to him where his talents and accomplishments would have found full scope. It is difficult for us to measure the sacrifice

that he made to achieve the life-work to which he believed God had clearly called him in this city.

During the absence from his church in 1877, to be near his father during his remaining days, he was laboriously engaged in ministerial and literary work. He prepared for publication his "Seven Words from the Cross," which has been criticised as a "work of great tenderness and merit." At the same time he supplied the vacant pulpit of Vine Street Church, Roxbury, Mass., near his father's home. His ministrations to this people were acceptable and edifying. It was my privilege to preach in this pulpit one Sabbath during his absence, and to hear many kind expressions of their appreciation of his services. It was an unspeakable satisfaction to his father that he was permitted before his departure to listen to the preaching of his son during these months, and all hearts were deeply moved at the touching spectacle of the aged patriarch entering the sanctuary supported by the son of promise upon whom his mantle was so soon to fall.

During the summer of 1877, he supplied the church of Middleboro', Mass., and afterwards, the Hancock Church, of Lexington, Mass., during the absence of its esteemed pastor, Dr. Porter, in Europe.

The character of his ministry during this year is sufficiently indicated in the resolutions officially adopted by the church. In the language of Dr. Porter in his touching memorial discourse; "you all know how earnestly he labored while he was with you, how ably he preached the great doctrinal truths of the Gospel, and how effectively he illustrated and applied them. I can distinctly trace the result of his year's work in the quickened activity of some of

our brethren, in the new-born hopes that have been cherished in the hearts of young believers, in the increased religious susceptibility of many, and in the respect felt by all for the faithfulness and sincerity with which he prosecuted his arduous undertaking. It was not a year of rest to him, far from it. He told me that he never worked so hard in his life before."

While he was engaged in these laborious duties, preaching twice on the Sabbath, conducting the prayer-meeting, and holding a weekly service in the country, at a mission station, and performing daily pastoral ministrations, he was, likewise, preparing for the press a volume of "Walks to Emmaus," the first of a series which he was selecting from his father's manuscript sermons.

In the prosecution of this literary work, he had procured a type-writer, which he had learned to use with great facility. He had also commenced the Biography of his lamented father, a labor of love upon which he entered with all the zeal of filial devotion, and was expending his best energies.

In March, 1880, he was invited to supply the Union Central Church, on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C., where he owned a summer residence, and to this cottage home he now removed his family and was making arrangements for his work. He was most cordially welcomed back to Charleston, and there was general rejoicing that he was again to gladden us by his genial presence, and earnest ministry. He was invited to preach in one of the city pulpits the first Sabbath after his arrival.

The circumstances of his brief, but painful illness, and of his peaceful, triumphant death, have already been detailed in the published address delivered at

his funeral. Ministers of every denomination—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Unitarian, and a Jewish Rabbi, acted as pall-bearers. The funeral services were held in the Second Presbyterian Church. More than a thousand people, of all creeds and classes, crowded the galleries and pews of this spacious church, and mingled their tears in the expression of a common sorrow. The children of the Orphan House, to whom he often preached in their chapel services, brought their floral offerings to lay upon his grave.

Mr. Adams was a general favorite with the colored people, in whom he had always manifested a kind, considerate interest, and they were largely represented on this mournful occasion, and their expressions of love and grief deeply affecting. This universal manifestation of mourning, was a splendid tribute to the memory of the beloved and honored dead, and an eloquent testimony to the respect and esteem in which the deceased was held. A thousand loving and sorrowing hearts are pledged to keep his memory green. He sleeps peacefully in the Magnolia Cemetery, near the "City by the Sea," where he had passed the greater part of his active ministry, and near the beloved people to whom he ministered, many of whom rest by his side.

To us short-sighted mortals, it seems a mysterious providence that he should be suddenly cut down in the warm, bright summer of his years; in the very efflorescence of his powers and accomplishments, teeming with life, and full of plans and projects just bursting into blossom; and feeling that all his previous study, labor, and suffering were but a preparation for a long and useful life.

He longed to live, not only to preach the Gospel, to publish the results of his own special studies, but also to discharge the filial trust which had been committed to him of writing his father's biography, and editing his posthumous works. But, doubtless, all mystery will instantly vanish in the light of Heaven, when we shall see clearly the relation of our earthly labors and sufferings to the future life. We may then learn that Isaac Taylor was indulging in no vain speculation, when he affirms his belief, that "the same qualities which are here so sedulously fashioned and finished, will be actually needed and used in that future world of perfection; and, therefore, the removal of individuals in the very prime of their fitness for useful labor, ceases to be impenetrably mysterious." The fitness for earthly labors may prove to be a fitness for the service of Heaven. As we are not permitted to view the life of our lamented brother from the Heavenly heights, where the horizon widens into eternity, let us make the most of our earthly point of observation, as we stand on the little hillocks of time, and contemplate his character and labors.

Mr. Adams had the advantage of a prepossessing personal appearance; of medium stature, he had a stout, portly frame that betokened a greater fullness of health and strength than he actually possessed. His handsome, regular features, his round, ruddy face, the very index of a large, generous soul — now flashing with humor, and now kindling with smiles— will live forever in the memory of his friends, a picture that time will never fade. His habitual expression bespoke a cheerful, buoyant spirit. Trouble and sorrow, of which he had his full share, only momentarily saddened his countenance, like clouds moving

across the face of the sun. Coldness and indifference might suddenly chill his features into an icy expression, but the warm heart within ever melted it away, and his face resumed its wonted brightness. He held it as a Christian duty to "avoid the appearance" of gloom, and to put on a cheerful courage. The darkest night of adversity is starlit with love; so, he thought; if the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, it ought to shine through the darkest experiences.

As a preacher, he "determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified," in the comprehensive sense of the apostle's resolution. The Cross was the radiant centre of all his discourses. His elegant and scholarly tastes naturally moulded his thoughts into rhetorical forms, and chaste, graceful diction; but his "excellency of speech," and "enticing words" were throbbing with the life-blood of the Gospel. He had a natural abhorrence of dry, abstract, theological discussion, yet his sermons were full of the marrow of Christian doctrine.

Whenever he touched upon the doctrines of depravity, regeneration, atonement, and eternal retribution, his trumpet uttered no uncertain sound. He had a deep and tender sympathy for the weaknesses and errors of men arising from natural infirmity and educational bias; but he was never known to do violence to the prejudices of his hearers, or ridicule their cherished beliefs. He never uttered the language of denunciation. In this he may have erred, but he was always sure to err on the side of love. He preached the terrors of the law and the wrath of God with tenderness and tears. His chosen model was the apostle John, rather than the apostle Paul,

and, like the beloved disciple, he made Jesus and his love his all absorbing theme, but delivered his message of warning to thoughtless and worldly-minded unbelief, with all the fidelity of the "Son of Thunder." We may apply to him the language used in a criticism of his father's works, whom he is said to have "resembled so much in mind and heart:" "The peculiar charm of Dr. Adams' writings is, that they reflect so much of the image of the living, personal Saviour. He never deals in dry formulas, or abstract propositions. He does not undervalue them as expedients for discriminating truth from error, or as repositories for the preservation of acquired knowledge. But he is endowed with the pure gift of touching the heart's deepest and tenderest emotions, and of introducing a personal Saviour, warm with human sympathy, into personal intercourse with the soul that is yearning for divine fellowship."

His sermons were thoroughly scriptural. He found no room for the discussion of secular themes, for social and political questions, and current events. He believed in the inspiration of the whole Bible, and, during his twelve years ministry here, he traversed, in his Sabbath and weekly services, the Old and New Testament from Genesis to Revelations, inclusive. He was a diligent student of God's Word. Making a specialty of philological and exegetical studies, he aimed to subject the sacred text to a thorough critical analysis. Believing that the average mind apprehended truth most readily in concrete forms, his sermons and addresses abounded in metaphorical language and apt illustrations. For this purpose he kept his library well supplied with the latest cyclopedias and books, illustrating Scripture truth from nature.

He also kept a commonplace book, in which he treasured up elegant and instructive extracts, that he might enrich his sermons with the best thoughts of the best authors. He was, indeed, "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, thoroughly furnished unto good works, rightly dividing the Word of Life, giving to each a portion in due season." The weekly results of such abundant and exhaustive labors must have been interesting, instructive, and edifying.

As a pastor, Mr. Adams will be remembered with peculiar affection. He made it his first care to become thoroughly acquainted with all his flock, to know their exact temporal and spiritual condition. He was interested in everything that interested them. He was no respecter of persons on account of age, condition or color. Like his Master, he felt that his first duty was to those who needed him most. When laboring as an Evangelist among a poor, uncultivated people, a friend writes: "He endeared himself to them by his thoughtful attention to their temporal as well as their spiritual wants; by his ready sympathy and ingenious suggestions, in times of privation and trial. Among this simple, affectionate, good people, his memory is cherished with tenderest devotion. Often in their visits to the city for trading purposes, they come to ask me about their "little preacher," always expressing the greatest love and gratitude to him. His heart was tenderly moved towards the children of the poor. I have often been amused at the familiar and affectionate greetings in the streets between the bare-footed boys and himself."

No church in this city, since the war, retained so many colored members. Their strong attachment to the pastor of the Circular Church doubtless arose

from this personal and tender interest shown to them individually. I have frequently been stopped in the street by his colored friends, who have spoken of their attachment to him in the warmest terms, and of his personal love and care for them.

As a pastor, Mr. Adams was the confidante of his people, to whom they could entrust the most sacred secret of the household. They opened their hearts to him, because his own heart was always wide open to them. His smiling face, his cordial grasp of the hand, his cheerful words and sympathetic manner made you feel that you had in him a warm, sympathizing friend, whom you could take into your confidence, and to whom you could unbosom all your griefs. His prayers at the family altar and at the sick bed will be treasured as among the most precious memories of his people.

His love for children was one of his most interesting traits. He could hardly pass them in the street without taking them in his arms and blessing them. He was tenderly devoted to the lambs of his flock, and could call them by name. He never failed to recognize them on all occasions, and to have a pleasant word for them. "He was a child among children," and drew them to himself, thus securing their confidence. One who knew him intimately writes: "His love for children was as marked a peculiarity as his filial devotion. With children in their merry sports he was a child again, and his rippling laughter was merriest and loudest of all. Still he was ever watchful for any incident which he could turn to account, and drop a word in season of spiritual profit. The children loved him everywhere, and I have thought that the good seed sown in Sunday Schools will probably yield him his richest harvest."

Our portraiture of Mr. Adams would be incomplete without a passing reference to his domestic character. His ideal home was an abode of gladness, where nothing should intrude to mar its peace and harmony. We have already spoken of the shadow that rested upon his hearth, while he hovered like an angelic presence above his invalid wife. But his genial and mirthful temperament glowed like a perpetual fire, and the chamber of sickness was never dark or gloomy. His assiduous care for the comfort and happiness of those who shared his hospitality, his thoughtful sympathy for the poor, the ignorant and lonely, illustrated the Gospel conception of genuine Christian courtesy and politeness. If he erred, it was in an overweening desire to please all, to make every one feel happy who came within the sphere of his influence. In June, 1876, his suffering companion was called to her heavenly rest. We all know the calm resignation, the brave and manly spirit with which he bore this great sorrow, and the subsequent trials that deepened the shadows of bereavement. These days of darkness were partially relieved by his constant and absorbing ministration to his dying father. This filial devotion to his honored parent was something remarkable. When he returned from preaching in a neighboring town and was apprised of his father's death, his demonstrations of grief were deeply affecting. In 1878, after his return to Charleston, he was married to Miss Margaret Holmes, of this city, for many years a devoted friend, and one of the most zealous and efficient members of his Church. This congenial and happy union was blessed by the birth of a beautiful and lovely daughter. The opening of this long sealed fountain of joy in his heart and

the voices of children in his household, completely realized his dream of earthly happiness. He did not live to see the face of the dear son, William Hooper, who bears his name, and on whom we earnestly pray the father's mantle may fall.

We have alluded on a former occasion to Mr. Adams' passionate devotion to the cause of Christian union, on the basis of Christian love, drawing the disciples of a common Saviour into the fellowship of prayer and Christian work. He delighted in these public services in which all denominations could for a season forget their ecclesiastical differences, and heartily unite their prayers and praises. He was the most diligent and laborious of us all in the clerical union, the "Bible Society," the Young Men's Association and the "Evangelical Alliance." We feel that a valuable stream of social and religious influence has been cut off in our midst, and a channel left dry which may never again be filled. It was a stream upon whose waters the sunlight always glistened, which dispensed an influence peculiarly its own, and being confined by no fixed channel, overflowed in numberless streamlets that ran in all directions, searching for dry and thirsty places that needed most to be refreshed.

As a Christian man, the character of Mr. Adams, with all its womanly sweetness and tenderness, was built on the strong foundation of Christian principle. The fair and fragrant blossoms sprang from roots that were nourished with the sap of truth and righteousness. If any one supposes that this affable and amiable brother was a weak sentimentalist, the opinion is grounded in ignorance of his real character.

The gentler virtues were jewels that had a strong setting. Many will be surprised to know that Ps. xxvi. was his favorite, which he carried in his pocket during the greater part of his ministerial life. The burden of this beautiful song is indicated in the first two verses: "Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity. I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide. Examine me, O Lord, and prove me, try my reins and my heart." Integrity of character, such as would stand the searching examination of God's holy eye, this was his ideal. His prayer was answered. God did "examine and prove him." He proved him by disappointment, adversity, bereavement and bitter trials. Mistakes and errors of judgment are common to erring humanity, but the integrity of motive, purpose, and principle, shone like gold and silver tried by fire. His steadfast integrity, combined with an unfaltering "trust also in the Lord," constituted the granite basis of his unyielding resolution and obstinate perseverance. His indomitable will never seemed to be embarrassed by difficulties, nor intimidated by the most formidable opposition. Yet in the expression of his opinions, and the advocacy of his cause, his modesty and calmness were equal to his firmness and courage. His equanimity was never ruffled by the excitements of passion, and he scorned the mean and cowardly spirit that contends for victory by abusing the character and impuning the motives of his opponent. He never "returned railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing." He could obey the injunction, "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." He would put the most charitable construction upon the

motives of those from whose lips he suffered wrong and injustice.

He requited the slanderer with prayers and good wishes, and attributed the calumny to ignorance or prejudice, or a mistaken zeal in the cause of truth. We do not regard it as, in itself, any credit to a man who has led a public life, to die without an enemy. It was the glory of the Ideal Man that he died with so few friends to mourn him, and the glorious apostle made a host of enemies "by telling them the truth." If there be one living who can cherish a feeling of enmity towards this beloved brother, it must have been excited by what he regarded the faithful discharge of his duty, not by any natural disposition of his character.

And now, dear friends, let me close this "labor of love," which you have been pleased to entrust to me, because I knew your lamented pastor so well, which I could wish had been committed to abler and worthier hands. But justice to our honored friend requires me to add, that had he been an entire stranger to me, I could say every word that I have said to-night, from the materials which his numerous friends, North and South, have placed in my hands. This feeble portraiture, of one whose memory deserves to be better honored, was not drawn from my own conceptions of his character, nor is it modified by the partialities of friendship. I have only mixed and put upon the canvass as well as I could the colors that were given to me by others. There remains only one finishing stroke. I believe I have vindicated his title to be placed in the gallery of earnest men, by showing that he lived a life of active, untiring industry. He was never idle. He was hard at work, and

preparing for new labors, when the Master called him. His triumphant death was a fitting close to such a life. So faithfully did he preach and illustrate the gospel of *Grace*, that a member of his Presbytery remarked that Bro. Adams was "penetrated with the Gospel through and through." Death to such a man is but a step from Grace to Glory. He has gone to join the "great congregation," which he saw in his heavenly vision—the "great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands."

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A memorial of the late Rev. William H. Adams, for twelve years pastor of the Circular church, Charleston, S. C.

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